Your dinner, and the generous Ilander
By you inuited, doe attend your presence,
Oth. I am to blame.
Des. Why is your speech so faint? are you not well?
Oth. I haue a paine vpon my forehead, here.
Des. Faith that's with watching, t'will away againe;
Let me but bind your head, within this houre
It will be well againe.
Oth. Your napkin is too little:
Let it alone, come I'le goe in with you.
Des. I am very sorry that you are not well.
Em. I am glad I haue found this napkin, *Ex.* Oth. *and*
This was her first remembrance from the Moore, Desd.
My wayward husband, hath a hundred times
Wooed me to steale it, but she so loues the token,
For he coniur'd her, she should euer keepe it,
That she reserues it euer more about her,
To kisse, and talke to; I'le ha the worke taine out,
And giu't *Iago*: what hec'll doe with it,
Heauen knowes, not I, *Enter* Iago.
I nothing know, but for his fantasie.
Iag. How now, what doe you here alone?
Em. Doe not you chide, I haue a thing for you.
Iag. A thing for me, it is a common thing.
Em. Ha?
Iag. To haue a foolish thing.
Em. O, is that all? what will you giue me now,
For that same handkercher?
Iag. What handkercher?
Em. What handkercher?
Why that the Moore first gaue to *Desdemona*,
That which so often you did bid me steale.
Iag. Ha'st stole it from her?
Em. No faith, she let it drop by negligence,
And to the aduantage, I being here, took't vp:
Looke here it is.
Iag. A good wench, giue it me.
Em.

Em. What will you doe with it, th
So earnest to haue me filch it?
Iag. Why, what's that to you?
Em. If it be not for some purpose
Giue mee't againe, poore Lady, shee'l
When she shall lacke it.
Iag. Be not you knowne on't, I hau
I will in *Cassio's* Lodging lose this nap
And let him finde it: trifles light as a
Are to the iealous, confirmations stro
As proofes of holy writ, this may doe
Dangerous conceits are in their natur
Which at the first are scarce found to
But with a little art, vpon the blood,
Burne like the mindes of sulphure: I
looke where he comes, not Poppy, no
Nor all the drousie firrops of the worl
Shall euer medicine thee to that sweet
Which thou owedst yesterday.
Oth. Ha, ha, false to me, to me?
Iag. Why how now Generall? n
Oth. Auant, be gone, thou hast set
I sweare, tis better to be much abus'd
Then but to know a little.
Iag. How now my Lord?
Oth. What sense had I of her stoln
I saw't not, thought it not, it harm'd n
I slept the next night well, was free, an
I found not *Cassio's* kisses on her lips
He that is rob'd, not wanting what is
Let him not know'r, and hee's not rob
Iag. I am sorry to heare this.
Oth. I had bin happy if the genera
Pyoners, and all, had tasted her sweete
So I had nothing knowne: O now fo
Farewell the tranquile mind, farewell
Farewell the plumed troope, and the

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